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WALTER E. KEALLY, A.M., S.T.B.

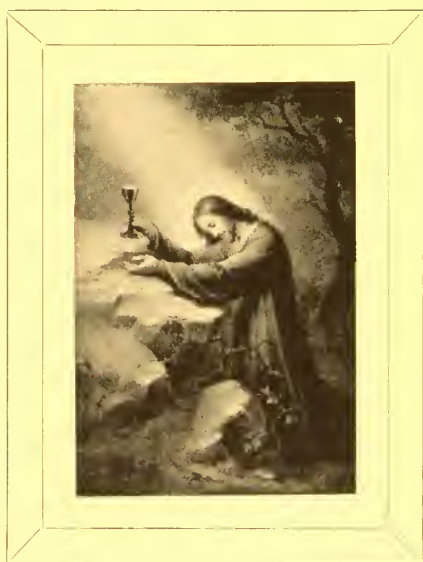


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They Will Be Done



Thy Will Be Done



Thy Will Be Done

A RELIGIOUS DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS

BY

WALTER E. KEALLY, A.M., S.T.B.

A plea to Catholic parents not to interfere with their children's
call to the higher life.



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by
Walter E. Keally



Mar 3, 1922

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AD GENITORES MORTUOS
R.I.P.

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Persons of the Play

MR. JOHN	}	}	O'Rourke Household	
MRS. MARY				
JAMES	}			Their children
HARRY				
CECILIA				
WILLIAM				
PATRICK	}			Servants
BRIDGET				

WILLIAM O'ROURKE (15 years later).

REV. MICHAEL O'HARE, Pastor, Holy Cross Parish.

MISS REGINA O'BRIEN, Musical Directress, Parish School.

EDWARD SLOANE, President, High School Class, '14.
School children of same class.

PERCIVAL LANSDOWNE, spendthrift.

JAMES WITHERSPOON, rich mine owner.

Warden	}	Federal Prison
Physician		
Nurse		
Guards		

TABLEAU ACT III

THE INFANT	SAINT JOSEPH
THE VIRGIN MARY	THE SHEPHERDS
ANGELS	THE MAGI

TABLEAU ACT IV

MR. JOHN	}	O'ROURKE	JAMES	}	As young children
MRS. MARY			HARRY		
			CECILIA		
			WILLIAM		

Outline of Principal Characters

FATHER O'HARE

His character is summed up in two words—"*Alter Christus*"—"Another Christ."

JOHN O'ROURKE

A man, strong, affable, intelligent, and capable; alert and acute in business; deeply religious. Being of a peaceable disposition and very much absorbed in business matters, he made the mistake, as happens very often, of permitting a proud wife to arrogate to herself the supreme jurisdiction in the home. It is difficult to understand how a man, so devout, failed to grasp the husband's true position in the domestic circle, clearly set forth by the Apostle of the Gentiles—"Let women be subject to their husbands, as to the Lord; because the husband is the head of the wife, as Christ is the head of the Church." Toward the end of his life, when his home was a complete wreck, due to the bumbles of his supercilious wife, he realized the serious blunder he had made in not bearing supreme rule in the home.

MRS. MARY O'ROURKE

Of an arbitrary and haughty disposition. She could never make a mistake! When she spoke, the case was finished. It was only when the hand of God began to punish her for her pride that she learned the significance of those words spoken on one occasion by God's Mother—"He (God) hath scattered the proud in the conceit of their heart."

CECILIA

The only girl in the O'Rourke family, a serene, retiring, devout soul; two years younger than

Harry. What an ornament she would have been in some convent; in fact, she often expressed the desire to enter the religious life, but her suggestions always met with a stern and quick rebuke from her socially ambitious mother. With an aversion to society, she spent her days, while single, visiting the poor, the unfortunate, the sick. All this was done, not for the purpose of seeing her photograph or an account of her philanthropic work appear in the dailies; but she did all for her divine Master who on one occasion had said—"I was hungry, and you gave me to eat; I was thirsty, and you gave me to drink; I was a stranger, and you took me in: naked, and you covered me: sick, and you visited me: I was in prison, and you came to me . . . As long as you did it to one of these my least brethren, you did it to me."

WILLIAM

The baby of the O'Rourke family—a forceful lad of fourteen years, full of life, a lover of clean sports, and wholesome company. His soul is filled with an ardent desire to be a priest. A noble one, no doubt, he would have been, had not a foolish mother interfered with God's plans. Instead of nurturing the vocational germ in the boy's soul, she did everything in her power to thwart his lofty aspirations. He must follow some profession by which he will become a pillar of society! The good Sisters and the saintly pastor of the parish are accused of unduly influencing the boy regarding his call to the higher life. The indignant mother takes him from the parochial school and sends him to a preparatory college, later to a university, where a great deal was taught about how to make a living, but nothing about the vital question

—how to live; his intellect was well developed; his heart neglected. This one-sided education, his association with bad companions, and the neglect of the Sacraments soon brought about his spiritual ruin—the result to a very great extent of the imprudent action of his arrogant mother.

BRIDGET

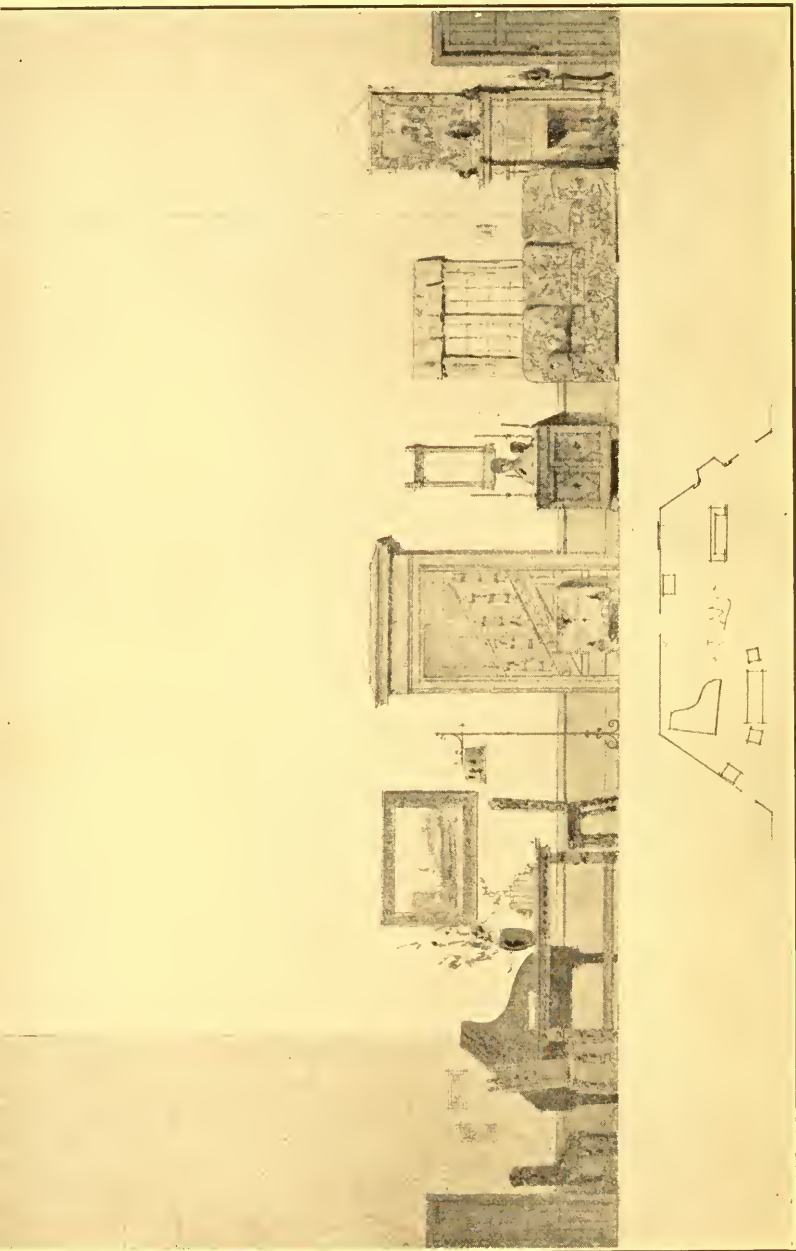
A bright, amiable, pious Irish lass with a bewitching brogue. Through her modesty, kindliness, and cheerfulness, she rose from the position of servant to that of intimate in the O'Rourke household. She is very fond of reading the Bible during her spare time and uses very advantageously the knowledge acquired therefrom. By attending the meetings of the parish Literary Society, she keeps in touch with the leading questions of the day, which are thoroughly discussed there. She, like Patrick, continued to make her home with the O'Rourkes after they had met with financial reverses and were practically reduced to poverty. She helped them as best she could from the salary she earned as bookkeeper in a large manufacturing concern. Her knowledge of book-keeping was acquired at the parish Night School.

PERCIVAL LANSDOWNE

The shiftless son of a wealthy English merchant. The young man has come to America for the purpose of finding some rich American girl for his wife that he might continue his life as a spendthrift. His imprudent father replenishes his purse, when necessary. Percival with a goodly supply of money at hand deems himself exempt from the universal law of labor. A social parasite, living on the toil of others, he has never tasted of the joys that spring from a life of

work. Sports, gambling, balls, banquets, theatres, etc., go to make up this stagnant life, so devoid of dignity, ambition, value, and service.

Percival meets the O'Rourkes at some social gathering. Within a very brief space of time, he ingratiate himself with Mrs. O'Rourke by flattering her and showing a smooth pretense of love for her daughter. The mother, blinded by her pride, persuades the daughter to marry this worthless fellow, thereby casting one of God's pearls before a swine.



STAGE SETTING—ACT I.

Thy Will Be Done

ACT I

ACT I

SCENE

RECEPTION ROOM IN O'ROURKE MANSION

Superb furnishings and decorations; doors, C., R. 3, L. 3; French window with garden scene for exterior backing, L. of D. C. Pedestal with bust, L. of French window. Davenport, L. C.; table, R. C.; baby grand piano up R.; mantel and fireplace down R. 1; several pieces of virtu on mantelpiece.

LIGHTS

At beginning of act, white footlights and borders on; house out. Toward close of act, the day's gradual decline is shown by proper light effects on exterior backing of French window; footlights to harmonize. The mellow sunset to be seen through French window.

N. B.—The spot light may be thrown on children while singing. A different colored light may be used during each song.

Thy Will Be Done

ACT I

AT RISE: Bridget with large piece of chamois is dusting table, R. C., at the same time she is humming an Irish ditty.

MRS. O'ROURKE

(Enters C. R. As she comes down to Bridget.)

I've been reading an excellent article on the history of Woman's Suffrage. (Sits on davenport.) Our English militant sisters with hatchet and torch in hand certainly blazed out the way for us.

BRIDGET

(Bridget after dusting table, goes over the other articles on the right half of stage. She always stops work, while Mrs. O'Rourke is speaking and resumes it when she herself speaks.) God forgive the English. They've been very clever with the torch in Ireland also.

MRS. O'ROURKE

Are you in favor of woman's suffrage, Bridget?

BRIDGET

Since the State has granted us the privilege of voting, I believe we should use the ballot conscientiously. I have always thought, however, that a woman's place is in the home, where she renders the greatest possible aid to the country by properly training her children in the love of God and their native land.

MRS. O'ROURKE

I see, Bridget, you would have us remain slaves.

THY WILL BE DONE

BRIDGET

A work for loved ones is never slavery.

MRS. O'ROURKE

I'm sure prohibition will soon be put up to the people for acceptance or rejection. I'm certain you will vote for retaining the amendment as it stands.

BRIDGET

No, indeed. "Sober drinking is health to body and soul."

MRS. O'ROURKE

So that's your attitude on the drink question. No one will pay any attention to your silly talk.

BRIDGET

Silly talk? Those are God's words, found in the Book of Ecclesiasticus.

MRS. O'ROURKE

Why do you hark back to the Old Testament? We're not living according to a standard set up for a people that flourished centuries ago.

BRIDGET

God's truth is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.

MRS. O'ROURKE

Our lives should be Christlike.

BRIDGET

Precisely. We read in the New Testament that the Son of Man came eating and drinking. His first public act was the working of a miracle that the host might have a sufficiency of wine for his guests; His last, the selection of wine as one of the

THY WILL BE DONE

elements to be used forever in the Sacrament of His love.

MRS. O'ROURKE

You will grant the State the right to extirpate crime and its cause, will you not?

BRIDGET

Most readily.

MRS. O'ROURKE

Since liquor is the cause of so much crime, the State has the right and duty to prohibit its manufacture, sale, and use.

BRIDGET

The individual is the cause of the crime, not the drink; hence take away the use of it from one who abuses, but not from one who knows how to use it. "Abuse does not take away use." The old Romans knew that principle of morality twenty centuries or more ago.

MRS. O'ROURKE

What means would you adopt to reform the many drunkards in our midst and to prevent others from reaching their state of moral degeneracy?

BRIDGET

That's simple enough. No more saloons and drinking clubs; allow the sale of light wines and beer. Place all the traffic under Federal control. If, then, we still find the drunkard, put him where all swine belong, in the "pen".

MRS. O'ROURKE

It's useless to argue with you on this subject. You'll cling to your opinion.

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BRIDGET

Cling to my opinion? No, indeed. It is Holy Mother, the Church, that teaches it is permissible to use, but wrong to misuse drink. She counsels us to abstain from intoxicating drinks in the spirit of mortification. A wise State will never make laws that conflict with her teaching.

MRS. O'ROURKE

Bridget, let us talk about some question on which we can agree.

BRIDGET

(Smiling)—You're right, for we both have had too much drink. (Clock in hallway strikes four.)

MRS. O'ROURKE

Four o'clock. The children will be here soon. How kind of them to arrange this treat for William.

BRIDGET

The children love William because he's so good and kind. God bless his innocent soul. A fine priest he'd make.

MRS. O'ROURKE

(In angry tone)—Bridget, at times you talk so foolishly. William is to be a doctor of medicine and not of Divinity. (Door bell rings.)

BRIDGET

There's the children now. (Goes to center door; sees James and Harry coming down corridor.) Mrs. O'Rourke, it's James.

MRS. O'ROURKE

James? (Rises. Bridget withdraws from door entrance, so boys can go direct to mother.)

THY WILL BE DONE

BRIDGET

It's James and Harry's with him. God bless the splendid boys. (Boys enter C. R., go toward mother. When they have passed entrance, Bridget goes out C. L.)

JAMES

(Coming down to mother)—Mother! This is the time I surprised you. (James embraces mother. Harry sits L. of table, R. C., facing davenport L. C.)

MRS. O'ROURKE

I should say so. How did you manage to get home at this time? (Both sit on davenport L. C.)

JAMES

Got a short furlough before going over to give the Boches (smiling) h—l.

MRS. O'ROURKE

This is William's birthday. The school children are giving a musicale in his honor this afternoon. Let us forget for the time being all about the war.

HARRY

Mother, the children are coming. We saw them leaving school.

MRS. O'ROURKE

Then they will be here any minute.

JAMES

I'm mighty glad I'm home for this classy event. Anything to get away from military discipline, if only for a few hours. How's Dad? Cecilia and Bill?

THY WILL BE DONE

CECILIA

(Coming on stage rapidly C. R. and going to James, who rises as soon as he sees her appear at door entrance.) I called to you while passing through the garden but you didn't hear me. (They shake hands.)

JAMES

Glad to see you, sister. You're looking fine.

HARRY

Percival thinks she's the most charming girl in the world. Eh! Cecilia?

CECILIA

Harry, hush! (She and James sit on davenport, their mother being between them.) James hasn't met Percival. When he does I hope he'll take him down to camp and—and—(Door bell rings.)

MRS. O'ROURKE

(Quite displeased at remark.) Cecilia, what do you mean? You are highly honored by the attentions paid you by Percival.

PATRICK

(Enters C. R.)—Mr. Percival Lansdowne.

MRS. O'ROURKE

Patrick, kindly show the gentleman into this room. (Patrick bows, goes out C. R.) James, I'm delighted that you'll have the opportunity of meeting this highly cultured gentleman. He's so rich; fond of society; dresses so neatly; doesn't have to work—just the partner for Cecilia.

THY WILL BE DONE

PERCIVAL LANSDOWNE

(Enters C. R. All rise. Coming down to Mrs. O'Rourke.)—Ah! I say, Mrs. O'Rourke, please accept my most cordial thanks for the invitation to your son's birthday party. I revel in this sort of thing. (Shakes hands with Mrs. O'Rourke as soon as he meets her. Door bell rings.)

MRS. O'ROURKE

We're glad to welcome you any time. Meet my son, James. (Introducing.) Percival, my son, James.

PERCIVAL

(Shaking hands with James) I'm happy to meet you.

JAMES

I thank you. I'm glad to have the pleasure of meeting you.

PERCIVAL

By Jove, Mrs. O'Rourke, what a hardy, handsome son. How closely he resembles you and Miss Cecilia. (To Cecilia) I'm sure you're as happy to see your brother, as I am to see your mother and yourself. (Sees Harry.) Ah! here's Harry. (Shakes hands with Harry, R. C. Bridget enters C. L.)

BRIDGET

Mrs. O'Rourke, here come the children. Patrick's in the lead. (Patrick enters C. R., preceding children; comes C. Children come on informally and are radiantly happy. They immediately arrange themselves about the stage in such a way

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that a good grouping effect is attained. Bridget remains among them.)

CHILDREN

(While coming on stage) Good afternoon, all.

ALL

Good afternoon.

JAMES

Hello, Patrick. You'd make a fine commander-in-chief of the Irish Republican army. (All laugh. Patrick smiles, bows, goes out C. R.)

PERCIVAL

(Laughing as general laugh subsides.) Clever! deucedly clever! If that were true, James, I'm afraid we English would be taking a bath in the Irish sea. (All laugh again.)

MRS. O'ROURKE

My dear children, this is very thoughtful of you to prepare this treat for William.

CECILIA

Regina and Harry will look after the children. (Mother sits on davenport, with James at her right, Cecilia, at the left, Percival on chair near foot of davenport.)

HARRY

They don't need any looking after. Everybody knows everybody, and we're going to have the jolliest time of our life. (Sits L. of table, R. C.)

PERCIVAL

I say, what a pleasant gathering of young hearts.

WILLIAM

(William enters hurriedly C. R.; is surprised at

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large gathering; goes immediately to mother who rises; speaks seriously.) What's the matter mother? (James rises.)

MRS. O'ROURKE

Nothing. The children are here to celebrate your fourteenth birthday. (William changes immediately to jovial mood.)

WILLIAM

Oh! that's it. Boys and girls, you certainly put this over on the Q. T. (Sees James.) Hello, Jim. When did you blow in? I thought you were on the way to France. (Percival rises.)

JAMES

(Taking William's hands.) You wouldn't have me miss this classy event, would you? (Sits.)

MRS. O'ROURKE

William, Percival is waiting to greet you.

WILLIAM

Good afternoon, Mr. Lansdowne. (Shake hands.)

PERCIVAL

I congratulate you and wish you much joy to-day.

WILLIAM

Thanks. (Mrs. O'Rourke and Percival sit in their former places; William goes among children.)

CECILIA

I wonder what detains father?

MRS. O'ROURKE

Business as usual. That comes first, his family, always last.

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WILLIAM

(William has gone to D. C. to see if father is coming.) Here's dad now. (Mr. O'Rourke enters C. R. All rise.)

MR. O'ROURKE

(Meeting William.) Here, old boy, little remembrance on your birthday. (Hands boy package.) Open later. (Come toward C.)

WILLIAM

Thanks, dad. (Places package on table, R. C., then takes place among children.)

MR. O'ROURKE

(Pauses to admire the group of children.) Good afternoon, children. God bless your generous hearts. This brings me back to the days when I was a youngster.

CHILDREN

Good afternoon, Mr. O'Rourke.

MRS. O'ROURKE

Same old story. It's strange you can never be on time.

MR. O'ROURKE

Mother, an important matter—(Sees James, shakes hands.) Well! For goodness sake when did you get here? I thought you'd be over in France by this time, teaching Fritz to walk backwards.

JAMES

Dad, we'll be there soon, and take it from me

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somebody's going to walk backwards, but it's not going to be us. (Sits R. of table C. R.)

MR. O'ROURKE

Bravo! (Seeing Percival.) Pleasant surprises all-round. Pardon me, Percival, for not speaking to you sooner. I did not see you.

PERCIVAL

No offense, Mr. O'Rourke, no offense. (Mr., Mrs. and Cecilia sit on davenport; Percival sits on chair near foot of davenport; Harry sits L. of table R. C.)

MR. O'ROURKE

All cares away; nothing but joy today. Regina, we're all ready for the program. (Program is begun. After each song, members of cast that do not take part in singing, applaud. After several selections have been given, Regina requests Cecilia to sing.)

REGINA

Cecilia, we don't wish to monopolize this program. Please favor us with one of your select songs. (Cecilia rises.)

CECILIA

Very well, Regina. (Cecilia goes C. Door bell rings.)

(As soon as Cecilia has finished the chorus after first verse, Percival, who has been an attentive listener, rises, goes over to Cecilia's side.)

PERCIVAL

Cecilia, my love, that's the song with which you won my heart. (Cecilia, unabashed by the re-

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mark, smiles kindly by way of acknowledgment, then sings the second verse and chorus. After his remark, Percival returns to former position. Sits. When Cecilia has finished singing, the cast applaud; Percival is in especial appreciative. Cecilia sits on davenport.)

PATRICK

(Enters C. R.) Father O'Hare wishes to see Mrs. and Mr. O'Rourke.

MR. O'ROURKE

Show Father in, Patrick.

PATRICK

Yes, sir. (Bows, goes out C. R.)

MRS. O'ROURKE

(Aside) I suppose we'll have a lecture on William's fitness for the priesthood.

MR. O'ROURKE

Father will hear at least part of this good music. It will be an amusement for him.

FATHER O'HARE

(Enters C. R. All rise immediately.) Good afternoon, all. (Comes down to C.)

ALL

Good afternoon, Father. (Bridget goes out C. L.)

FATHER O'HARE

A large family, this. (Shakes hands with Mrs. and Mr., talking and smiling at the same time.) I'm taking the census in this district, but I fear I shall have to get a new card (shows small

THY WILL BE DONE

census card) for this family. (Sees James.) How are you, James? (Shakes hands with him.) Not in France yet?

JAMES

Not yet, but soon.

FATHER O'HARE

"I'm growing old, growing old." It seems like yesterday when I saw James a tot in arms. Here's Harry, also. Just as good-natured as ever. (Shakes hands with him.)

MRS. O'ROURKE

Father, I would like to have you meet Mr. Lansdowne, Cecilia's friend. I hope you will have the pleasure of blessing their marriage soon. (Introducing) Father O'Hare, Percival Lansdowne.

PERCIVAL

It is a blessed privilege to meet your Reverence.

FATHER O'HARE

I thank you. I hope this is the beginning of a long and cordial friendship. (William takes position near Father O'Hare.)

MR. O'ROURKE

Father, put aside your parochial cares for a few hours and enjoy the afternoon with us. The children are giving a musicale in William's honor on his fourteenth birthday.

FATHER O'HARE

Delighted! (To William.) Like the violin, I hope you will grow better as you grow older. May

THY WILL BE DONE

God spare you many years, years replete with deeds well done.

WILLIAM

Many thanks, Father.

FATHER O'HARE

(To Mr. O'Rourke.) John, here is a boy whom I hope to see one day in charge of some big parish.

MRS. O'ROURKE

(Aside) I knew it.

MR. O'ROURKE

With God's help, Father, I hope so. Remember him in your prayers.

FATHER O'HARE

He will have a daily memento in my Mass.

MR. O'ROURKE

Very thoughtful of you. Many thanks, Father. (All sit in same positions as before. Father sits on chair near head of davenport with Mr. O'Rourke at his left; William is among children.) Regina, we are ready for the remainder of the music. (Program is continued. After several pieces have been sung, the telephone bell rings off stage L. Bridget comes on stage, C. L., goes out door L. After last line of song, she enters and speaks.)

BRIDGET

(Agitated.) Father O'Hare is wanted at the 'phone at once.

FATHER O'HARE

Pardon me, my children. (Starts L. All rise. Bridget shows way to the door which she opens for

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Father O'Hare, who goes out. Bridget closes door, starts R. All sit.)

MR. O'ROURKE

I'm sure, Bridget, the party at the other end of line is not more excited than you. (Bridget greatly excited goes out R.)

FATHER O'HARE

(After the song has been finished that was begun when Father started for 'phone, he re-enters. All rise. Father starts for D. C.) I'm sorry to leave such pleasant company, and so rare a treat, but urgent business calls me to the rectory at once. I shall call again for the census report. In the meantime, God bless you.

ALL

Thanks, Father. Good-bye. (Father O'Hare, accompanied by Mr. O'Rourke, goes out C. R. All sit. Mr. O'Rourke remains off stage until program has been resumed, then enters C. R., sits on davenport.)

MRS. O'ROURKE

Such is the priest's life. Not one minute for himself. (To William.) Now, William, do you see how strenuous a priest's life is? (William comes toward R. C.)

WILLIAM

Mother, perhaps Father O'Hare has been called to the bedside of some dying person. Through his administration of the last Sacraments, the soul may find peace in heaven. (Goes among children.)

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MRS. O'ROURKE

(Annoyed but trying to conceal the fact.) What a head-strong boy. He'll have the last word or die. (Program is continued and concluded.)

MR. O'ROURKE

(At end of last song.) We have "come to the end of a perfect day." (Rises, goes C.) Its memories will ever linger in our souls. I cannot find words to express adequately our appreciation of the kindness you have shown William and us. (Bridget enters R.; remains among children.) Let us hurry to the dining hall. (William stands at head of davenport.)

REGINA

Pardon me, Uncle John. Before we go to luncheon, Edward Sloane, the class president, has a few words to say. It will take only a minute or two. (Bridget comes near R. C.) Come, Edward.

EDWARD SLOANE

(Stepping out toward center, facing William.) Dear classmate, we could not permit this happy occasion to pass by without showing you in our simple way the great love we have for you. With this little token of our high esteem, go forth our prayers that you may spend in the not far distant future a successful life, as a priest, in the Master's vineyard. (Edward hands package to William; goes back to former position.)

BRIDGET

God bless their souls. Those are my sentiments,

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too. (Mrs. O'Rourke displays her usual sign of disapproval.)

WILLIAM

Classmates, many thanks. (Opens package; holds up Rosary beads.) The golden chain that links the soul with God. (Takes paper from around the prayer book, which he holds up so audience can see it.) What a handsome book! Many a prayer will be said for you. Gee! I'm lucky today. Let's see what dad has given me. (Unwraps paper from holy water font.) Dad, just what I need for my bedroom. (Holds font so audience can see it.) Father O'Hare in his instruction this morning told all us children to have holy water near our beds. He said many favors are given us by God, if we use it properly. You're all too good to me. (Places articles on table, R. C., goes among children.)

MR. O'ROURKE

Dear children, we add our thanks to William's. Now come to the dining hall (all rise), where we will try to pay some of the debt we owe you. Regina, you lead the way, mother and I shall follow. (All go out C. L., except Mr. and Mrs. O'Rourke. Mr. accompanies children to D. C., where he glances after them, as they make their way to the dining hall. He realizes that the events of the last few hours have not pleased his wife, so he returns to her somewhat slowly. She is at L. C. near davenport.)

MRS. O'ROURKE

I'm going to put a stop to this non-sensical business. (When husband has come down R. C.) The same old story. (Crosses to table, R. C., picks up

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religious articles, immediately replaces them very abruptly upon the table.) Everybody is putting into that boy's head that he should be a priest. Pastor, Sisters, classmates—all driving the boy in the one direction. My wish that he be a doctor is completely ignored. Even the boy pays no attention to his mother.

MR. O'ROURKE

Come, Mary. Don't worry about this matter. God, who disposes all things well, will solve this question for us, if we will only look to Him for aid.

MRS. O'ROURKE

I've raised the boy. He'll be just what I want him to be.

MR. O'ROURKE

Very well. Let us hurry along. The children are waiting for us. (The children are heard singing some short gladsome song. The music gradually becomes fainter and ceases entirely when the Angelus bell begins to ring.)

MRS. O'ROURKE

Let them wait. (Goes extreme R.) I'll take him from the parochial school. Never again shall he return there. Make up your mind to that, John.

MR. O'ROURKE

All your strength will be used up, fretting about this matter. (Mrs. goes to C.)

MRS. O'ROURKE

Why shouldn't I worry? All you hear on all sides is—"William, you'll make a splendid priest"; "I hope to see this boy in charge of some parish". (Indignantly) I'll tolerate this nonsense no longer.

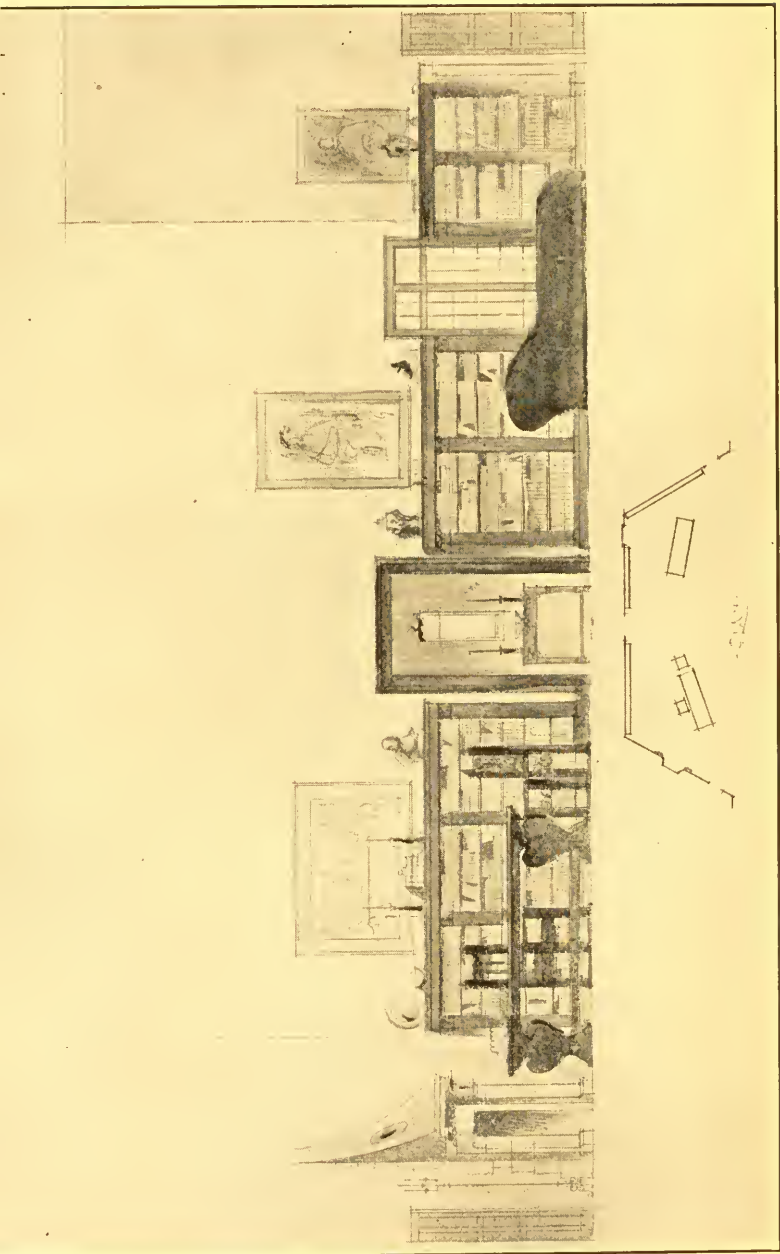
THY WILL BE DONE

MR. O'ROURKE

(Who up to this moment has retained position near table, now goes over to wife and takes her hand.) Mother, please come. It's almost six o'clock. Don't allow anything to becloud this fair day. (She turns to him with impatience.) As I have just said, let us pray God for light; then acting, we can feel that we have done our duty conscientiously. (The Angelus bell rings out from the Cathedral tower.) The Angelus! (Mrs. and Mr. O'Rourke stand in prayerful attitude; Mrs. at Mr. O'Rourke's left. When Angelus bell has stopped ringing, Mr. O'Rourke in prayerful tone, with gesture of right hand toward heaven, speaks.)

*"BE IT DONE TO ME ACCORDING TO THY
WORD"*

(Curtain—Slow)



STAGE SETTING—ACT II.

Thy Will Be Done

ACT II

ACT II

SCENE

LIBRARY IN SAME MANSION

Center door with interior backing; hall furniture—hat rack, etc.; doors R. 1, L. 3; fireplace well up R.; large bay or French window L. C. with garden backing; table, R. C. with chair R. and L.; magazines and tap-bell on table; couch, L. C.; other furniture to dress stage. All furniture should be heavy mahogany; book-cases built in wall; pedestal with bust, front of French window; instruments for producing storm effects outside of French window.

LIGHTS

House out; white footlights and borders on.

Thy Will Be Done

ACT II

DISCOVERED AT RISE: Mr. O'Rourke sitting in chair R. of table R. C. He is nervously reading magazine; looks at watch, places magazine on table; rings tap-bell; picks up magazine; Patrick enters, C. R.

PATRICK

You rang, sir?

MR. O'ROURKE

Yes, Patrick. Have you seen Bridget? I sent her for the baseball "extra" half hour ago.

PATRICK

I haven't seen her for over an hour. Pardon me, is it the score you wish?

MR. O'ROURKE

Exactly. Have you heard it?

PATRICK

No, sir, but I heard some of the boys say the Bean-eaters made it four straight.

MR. O'ROURKE

That's bully!

PATRICK

Yes, four straight, and, damn it, a McGillicuddy manager of the Athletics.

MR. O'ROURKE

Nothing could stop the Bean-eaters. This world's series has got everybody's nerves upset. (Mr. O'Rourke, being an enthusiastic fan, must show this by his manner of acting.)

THY WILL BE DONE

PATRICK

Sure it's a fine pastime. I'll find Bridget for you. (He goes out hurriedly C. R. Mr. O'Rourke picks up another magazine but is too excited to read. William enters C. R.)

WILLIAM

What's the idea, dad? Patrick was sailing through the hall. There was almost a headon collision between us. (Throws hat and coat on chair, L. of D. C., then sits on couch L. C.)

MR. O'ROURKE

Patrick has gone to find Bridget. I sent her after the *Press* sporting edition but she hasn't returned. Did you hear the score?

WILLIAM

No, dad. Since I left Holy Cross I've lost interest in almost everything.

MR. O'ROURKE

My boy, what's the cause? You used to be fond of sports.

WILLIAM

At Holy Cross we had great times, but the school I'm attending now doesn't appeal to me. I left many a friend at Holy Cross. Where I'm now, I can't mix with the boys.

MR. O'ROURKE

To be able to mix well is the characteristic of a great man.

WILLIAM

Yes, but their conversations don't interest me. Say, dad, you should have been at the championship

THY WILL BE DONE

game between Holy Rosary and our team last summer. (Old-time enthusiasm begins to assert itself.) You talk about the World Series. It's not in it with that game for excitement.

MR. O'ROURKE

(Father is glad to see son again enthused over baseball.) Tell me about it.

WILLIAM

(This part must be acted with much animation.) In the ninth inning the score stood 4 to 2 in Holy Rosary's favor. Our bunch were never quitters, dad. Father O'Hare saw to that. Joe Welsh, our right fielder, comes to bat and lays down a peach of a bunt. Frank, his brother, comes up next. The first ball pitched was a wide one. Joe goes down to second. (Impending storm is represented by proper effects.)

MR. O'ROURKE

Safe?

WILLIAM

I'll say so. You couldn't see the wee for dust. Then his brother Frank cracks out a single.

MR. O'ROURKE

Joe scores?

WILLIAM

No. The blame coach held him on third. Of all the bone-head plays I've seen, that took first prize. Father O'Hare certainly called down that feather-head after the game. Corey, our pitcher, comes up to the bat next.

MR. O'ROURKE

Knocked them both in?

THY WILL BE DONE

WILLIAM

The best he could do was to strike out. "Harp" Maloney's up next.

MR. O'ROURKE

Did he strike out, too?

WILLIAM

He didn't do much better. He's out on a measly pop fly. Two out, two on bases and two runs needed to tie, three to win. It began to look bad for us, dad. But of all the teams we liked to trim, Holy Rosary came first. We wouldn't throw up the sponge. You should have heard the cheering when "Gab" Murphy stepped up to the plate.

MR. O'ROURKE

Is that "Home run" Murphy you so often spoke about?

WILLIAM

Yes, and he lived up to his reputation. The Holy Rosary pitcher knew from sad experience what "Gab" could do and tried his best to walk our star hitter. But nothin' doing in that line, for "Gab" reaches for a wide one with his favorite willow, hits it squarely on the nose. Good night, dad, the ball must be going yet. A cleaner home run was never made. Cheering! Excitement! No end of it.

MR. O'ROURKE

I'm sure Father O'Hare was the happiest among the fans.

WILLIAM

Was he? He threw his "panama" into the air and made a dandy drop kick with it when it hit the ground.

THY WILL BE DONE

MR. O'ROURKE

Well! that was some game.

WILLIAM

There's no happy days like that one any more. Besides, my vision of the priesthood seems to be growing fainter each day. But I'll keep on praying. God will not forsake those who do not forsake Him first, will He, dad?

MR. O'ROURKE

Certainly not. I'll remember you in my prayers.

BRIDGET

(Enters C. R. Raincoat is dripping with water. She gives "extra" to Mr. O'Rourke.) I'm sorry I kept you waiting, Mr. O'Rourke, but the newsboys had sold out their supply, so I had to go way down to Miller's to get one.

MR. O'ROURKE

(Kindly) Thanks, Bridget. We'll excuse you this time. (Bridget takes off raincoat which she places on rack, comes C.)

BRIDGET

Can I do anything else for you, Mr. O'Rourke?

MR. O'ROURKE

No, thanks. I'm sorry you were caught in the rain. I suppose you also are a regular fan, Bridget?

BRIDGET

Mr. O'Rourke, I don't know anything about the game except what I hear William and the boys say. They talk about chasing the pill. Well, if I needed a pill, I'd walk to the druggist store for it and do no chasing. Again they speak of catching flies. I have my own troubles right here with those pests.

THY WILL BE DONE

MR. O'ROURKE

Now, Bridget, let me explain all these terms to you.

BRIDGET

Excuse me, Mr. O'Rourke. Mrs. isn't in the best of humor tonight. I'd better slip up to her room, otherwise I'm afraid I might have to "steal home". (Bridget goes out R. Storm is very violent.)

MR. O'ROURKE

God bless that good and faithful child. She's one bright jewel in this home.

WILLIAM

Yes, she's the only one besides yourself, dad, that encourages me to go on for the priesthood. (Church bell rings.) There goes the first bell. Is it a quarter past seven already? (Goes to window and looks out.) Some class to this storm. (Storm effects are here very pronounced.) But I can't stay home tonight. Father O'Hare is going to speak about religious vocations and asked all us youngsters to be present. I'll leave you, dad, to enjoy the account of the last game. (Gets hat and coat from chair and begins to put on overshoes, when Mrs. O'Rourke enters, R. 1.)

MRS. O'ROURKE

(In tone of surprise.) What are you doing over there? You shall not go out in such a storm. (Storm effects—flash of lightning.) See that flash of lightning! (Loud clap of thunder.) Hear that terrible clap of thunder! (Effects continue, growing more pronounced.)

WILLIAM

Mother, please let me go. If God takes care of

THY WILL BE DONE

the little sparrows in a storm like this, surely He'll watch over a big boy like me, who wants to go to church. I don't want to miss Benediction and the sermon tonight.

MRS. O'ROURKE

I suppose if I'm to have peace, I might as well accede to your request. (Crosses L., sits on couch.) Put on your overshoes. (By this time William is ready to go.)

WILLIAM

Good-bye. I'll pray for you both.

MR. O'ROURKE

Good-bye. (William goes out C. R. To his wife.) Mary, you seem to be out of sorts today. Cheer up. Tomorrow is bargain day. You'll have the opportunity of paying a few more cents for a yard of stuff at the bargain counter than you would have paid at the regular counter. (Smiling.) You women are easily caught in the trap.

MRS. O'ROURKE

Tomorrow being Sunday, I suppose the stores will hardly be open. I have a more important thing to think about than the bargain counter. The fact is, that William is becoming more determined to be a priest as the days go by, and in the same degree I'm determined that he shall not be one. I took him from the parochial school in the hope that he would forget all about his desire in that direction.

MR. O'ROURKE

Suppose he does go away to study for the priesthood? There's no more sublime calling.

THY WILL BE DONE

MRS. O'ROURKE

Suppose he does? Well, there's no supposing in this case. He'll soon be in the university following the medical studies.

MR. O'ROURKE

Please let me finish. During the last thirty years I've struggled, and struggled mighty hard to raise myself to a comfortable position in life. I tell you frankly that it has been very difficult to keep on the road of honesty owing to the present day business conditions, as I found them. I often think that if I had given more time to heavenly and less to earthly matters I would be much happier and better, even if not so rich. So, suppose William does go away to the seminary? If that is his calling he'll be very happy.

MRS. O'ROURKE

Why do you waste so much precious air? You've heard me say there's no supposing in this case. That ends the matter. The idea! (Rising.) My William placed in some poor parish to spend his life among the outcasts of society.

MR. O'ROURKE

"Blessed are the poor in spirit." Besides, the Saviour loved to be among the poor.

MRS. O'ROURKE

I'll never accept your viewpoint in this matter. All further discussion on the subject is barred. William will be just what I wish him to be. (Door bell rings.)

THY WILL BE DONE

MR. O'ROURKE

William is back soon. I thought the storm was too severe for him to weather.

PATRICK

(Comes on C. from R.; stands in doorway.) Mr. James Witherspoon.

MRS. O'ROURKE

What in the name of common sense does a man wish to be out a night like this for? He's a fit subject for an insane asylum. (Sits on couch L. C.)

MR. O'ROURKE

Show Mr. Witherspoon in, Patrick. (Patrick bows; goes out C. R.) Jim's probably on some important business.

MRS. O'ROURKE

Well, business affairs ought to be left in the office where they belong.

MR. O'ROURKE

That's true, but perchance, this matter is an urgent one. (Patrick shows Mr. Witherspoon in C. R., then goes out C. R.; Mr. and Mrs. O'Rourke rise, then go C.)

WITHERSPOON

(Coming down to C.) Good evening. How are you? (At the same time shakes hands with Mrs. and Mr. O'Rourke.)

MR. O'ROURKE

Both very well, thanks. We are a little nervous at this moment. William, our youngest child, went to church in this terrific storm. We are a little uneasy about him. Be seated, Jim. (Mr. O'Rourke

THY WILL BE DONE

points to chair L. of table R. C. Mr. Witherspoon sits. Mr. O'Rourke sits R. of table; Mrs. on couch L. C.)

WITHERSPOON

Gone to church in a terrific storm like this? (To Mrs. O'Rourke.) I'm sure you'll have a priest in the family soon. (A frigid look from Mrs. is sufficient to make Mr. Witherspoon understand that his remark has fallen on hostile ground. Mr. Witherspoon changes subject and manner immediately. To Mr. O'Rourke.) Ahem! John, you'll pardon me for speaking about a little business proposition for I don't like to treat of such matters in the home circle.

MRS. O'ROURKE

(Aside)—All these men think about is business, business. Not a minute for their families.

MR. O'ROURKE

I'll be very happy to discuss the matter with you.

WITHERSPOON

I'm broaching some copper mines out West in the near future. Knowing that Harry has just finished his course in electrical engineering, I thought perhaps he might wish to start work for me, if he hasn't made any other arrangements. This would be an excellent opportunity for a boy like him. (Mrs. assumes a very congenial attitude as soon as she learns the purpose of Mr. Witherspoon's visit.)

MR. O'ROURKE

I would be very glad to have him go along with you. Mother, what do you think of the proposition?

THY WILL BE DONE

MRS. O'ROURKE

It all depends on the place where Harry is going. If it's possible for him to attain a high social position out there, I readily give my consent to his going.

WITHERSPOON

There are golden opportunities in every line awaiting young men of ability like Harry.

MRS. O'ROURKE

Let us see what Harry has to say. Father, please tap the bell for Patrick.

MR. O'ROURKE

How are business conditions now in your line, Jim?

WITHERSPOON

Never so busy. A great demand for copper at present.

PATRICK

(Enters C. R.) Did you ring?

MRS. O'ROURKE

Yes, Patrick. Please tell Harry that Mr. Witherspoon wishes to speak to him. (Patrick bows; goes out C. L.)

MR. O'ROURKE

Is it true that many of the miners lead dissolute lives? I wouldn't want Harry to fall into noxious company.

WITHERSPOON

Well, John, it all depends upon (Mrs. O'Rourke interrupts him.)

THY WILL BE DONE

MRS. O'ROURKE

John, why do you bother Mr. Witherspoon with such a foolish question? Harry is too good a boy to be led astray. (Harry enters C. L. and comes down to Mr. Witherspoon who rises.)

WITHERSPOON

(Shaking hands with Harry.) It's a great pleasure to see you.

HARRY

Thanks. I'm delighted to see you. (Both sit. Harry on couch beside his mother; Witherspoon L. of table.)

WITHERSPOON

Harry, I have a position to be filled which I believe will suit you tip-top. I could use to great advantage your knowledge of electrical engineering when opening the new mines next week. Would you care to come along?

HARRY

If you think me competent enough to handle the work, I'll gladly go, provided mother and father have no objections.

MRS. O'ROURKE

None at all, Harry. We know you'll be safe in Mr. Witherspoon's charge.

MR. O'ROURKE

It's up to you, Harry.

WITHERSPOON

I'm certain you can handle the work. I know you're just as efficient as your dad.

MR. O'ROURKE

Now Jim, place that boquet on my coffin.

THY WILL BE DONE

MRS. O'ROURKE

(Mrs. O'Rourke is somewhat put out by Mr. Witherspoon's undiplomatic remark.) Mr. Witherspoon, don't you think Harry looks like his mother?

WITHERSPOON

(Slightly sarcastic.) Decidedly so. Yes, indeed.

HARRY

Mr. Witherspoon, what salary do you usually pay beginners?

WITHERSPOON

Well suppose we fix your salary at \$200 per month. I assure you of rapid promotion if your work is satisfactory as I'm sure it will be.

HARRY

Mr. Witherspoon, I accept your offer and thank you heartily for your very kind consideration of me. What time will you be leaving for the West?

WITHERSPOON

At 9:30 Wednesday evening from the Lake Erie Station. Will that give you time to arrange everything?

HARRY

Yes. I shall be there, Mr. Witherspoon.

WITHERSPOON

(Rises; then Mr., Mrs. and Harry rise.) Thanks. (To Mrs. and Mr. O'Rourke.) So please pardon my intrusion this evening.

MRS. O'ROURKE

We were very happy to see you come and do pay us another visit soon. (Door bell rings.)

THY WILL BE DONE

WITHERSPOON

Mrs. O'Rourke, your husband has been very kind to me in the past. I'm glad to have the opportunity of repaying him a little for his many favors. I'm sorry to leave so soon but I have much to look after before my departure. (Shakes hands with all.) Good-bye. (Mrs. and Harry reply, "Good-bye.")

MR. O'ROURKE

Mother and I appreciate your kindness. (Mr. O'Rourke and Mr. Witherspoon going toward D. C., converse in low tone of voice. They go out C. R.)

MRS. O'ROURKE

Harry, I hope you'll make the best of this opportunity. Aim to make a great reputation for yourself in business and social circles. (Bridget enters C. R. with messenger's book in hand, in which there is a telegram. She has a pencil in hand.)

BRIDGET

Mrs. O'Rourke, the boy asked me to have you receipt for the message. He says it should be delivered at once to the person to whom it is addressed. (Mrs. takes book, removes telegram, signs for same, then returns book and pencil to Bridget.)

MRS. O'ROURKE

(Looking at name of addressee.) The telegram is for James. Bridget, please take it to him.

HARRY

Never mind, Bridget. I'll take it to James. (Harry takes telegram from Mother.) I wish to get a

THY WILL BE DONE

book in his room. You give the receipt to the boy. (Bridget goes out, C. R.; Harry, L. 3; Mr. enters C. R.)

MR. O'ROURKE

Mary, that was a quick transaction. Harry is a boy with decision. (Both sit on couch L. C.)

MRS. O'ROURKE

Yes, he receives that trait from his mother. A telegram has just come for James. I wonder what news it contains. (Door bell rings.)

MR. O'ROURKE

No doubt, he's called for oversea service. The big German offensive will necessitate all the boys' leaving for France at once. (James with telegram in hand, enters L. 3; goes to C.)

MRS. O'ROURKE

What's the news, James?

JAMES

(Reading)—Report to Camp Meade at once. (Putting telegram in pocket.) I was just beginning to enjoy my furlough, still when duty calls, pleasure must be cast aside. There's a train leaving at 11:40 for Baltimore. I must hurry. Patrick and Harry will help me pack. (Goes out L. 3.)

MR. O'ROURKE

James was always a boy of action. (William enters C. R.)

WILLIAM

(Showing effects of storm—hat and coat dripping with water.) This is some rough night. (Places hat on rack; takes off coat, puts it on hook; places overshoes near rack.)

THY WILL BE DONE

MRS. O'ROURKE

It serves you right. The next time you'll listen to me. (William comes down to father and mother.)

WILLIAM

Mother, I'm not sorry that I went. I wouldn't have missed Benediction or the sermon for anything. Father O'Hare gave a splendid talk on vocations. I was building churches in the air and thinking of the day when perhaps I would be a pastor of souls. (Sits L. of table, R. C.)

MRS. O'ROURKE

William, when are you going to banish these presumptuous ideas from your mind? I cannot abide your contrariness much longer.

WILLIAM

Father O'Hare told those who thought they were called to the higher life to pray to God for light. "Parents," he said, "should be very happy to see one or more of their children enter the special service of God." He warned fathers and mothers against making the dreadful mistake of forcing one of their children into the sanctuary or convent, or dissuading them from entering. "God will surely punish such foolish parents," he added. (Abatement of storm is shown by proper effects. A beautiful moonlight to follow.)

MRS. O'ROURKE

Please do not try my patience further. You are too young to be thinking about such serious subjects. What are you going to do with the money which your uncle Will left you for your education in the medical science?

THY WILL BE DONE

WILLIAM

But the Saviour's words used by Father O'Hare still ring in my ears: "*And every one that hath left house or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands for my name's sake, shall receive an hundred fold, and shall possess life everlasting.*" (James enters L. 3. Harry and Patrick are with him, carrying grips, coats, etc. Patrick goes out, C. R., Harry remains near D. C.)

JAMES

(Speaking as he enters) Mother! (Mother and father rise, go to C. James sees William.) Oh! hello Bill. Did you say a prayer for me? I'm leaving for camp in a few moments.

WILLIAM

Jim, I never forget you in my prayers. (William rises.)

JAMES

Thanks. (At C.)

WILLIAM

Sorry to see you go, Jim. Gee! I'd like to be old enough to go along. (Cecilia enters, C. R.; goes to R. C. William goes to D. C.)

CECILIA

What's this Patrick tells me? Surely both you and Harry are not going to leave us?

JAMES

Yes, dear sister, I'm leaving for camp in a few minutes and within a short time, I hope to be in France to do my bit for the glorious Stars and Stripes. Harry leaves Wednesday for the West.

THY WILL BE DONE

CECILIA

I wish those militarists in Europe would fight their own battles. Why should our boys go over there to fight and die for a cause that does not interest us? (She begins to weep.)

JAMES

Be a brave girl. I'll return soon.

CECILIA

I'm brave, James, but considering the terrible loss of life and output of money, the sorrow of the homes to which many a loved one will never return, the orphans, widows, the maimed and the insane soldiers—ah! James weighing the terrible cost, are we justified in continuing in this maelstrom?

JAMES

You recall the words of the great Apostle, Saint Paul, which Father O'Hare made use of in his sermon on Patriotism last Sunday. They were an inspiration to me. "Let every soul be subject to higher powers: for there is no power but from God and those that are, are ordained of God. Therefore he that resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God and they that resist, purchase to themselves damnation." Higher powers—the President and Congress—have spoken. They assume the responsibility before God for the justice of our cause and shall have to render an account of their stewardship some day before His tribunal. Woe to them, if they have acted contrary to their consciences. So the only course left for the true American is to respond to the call of Duty.

THY WILL BE DONE

CECILIA

You're right, James. May God keep watch over your footsteps.

JAMES

(Kisses sister.) Good bye, my darling sister. Offer up your daily Communions for me.

CECILIA

I shall. (She goes over to archway and weeps alone.)

JAMES

(Grasps mother's hands.) This parting is a hard ordeal for you and me. For all the kindness you have shown me from babyhood days till now, for all the sacrifices you have made for me, for all the watchful hours you spent at my bedside when ill, for the care you have taken in guiding my footsteps aright, my thanks are expressed in three words—I love you.

MRS. O'ROURKE

(With tear-filled eyes.) My sweet child, I say a fond good-bye to you. What words could express better my wish as you start for the battle front than—"God be with you"? You know how I'll miss you and in return for all I may have done for you, I simply ask you to be a brave boy. (Wipes her tear-filled eyes.)

JAMES

Thanks mother for those words of comfort. Pray that I may have the strength to fulfill my duty conscientiously wherever that may call me. (Kisses mother, then grasps father's hands. Mother is weeping.) For a little while, I'm going to be separated from you, the best dad that ever lived.

THY WILL BE DONE

MR. O'ROURKE

Jim, my Benjamin. Dad's nature is such that an occasion like this finds him with little to say but let me tell you it's a proud dad that sees his son following in the footsteps of the great Commander-in-Chief, ready, like Him, to lay down his life that his fellowmen may have life and have it more abundantly. Remember the lessons that the proud old flag (points to silk flag on wall R. C.) bespeaks. Have your soul filled with love, as connoted by the red; with steadfastness, depicted in the blue; with righteousness as portrayed by the white; be a load-star to your fellow soldiers as indicated by the sparkling stars. Jim, my boy, go forth and discharge your duty manfully and as far as lies in your power, see that "the star-spangled banner shall *ever* wave o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave." Don't forget to say your Rosary and wear the Scapulars. Go to Confession and Mass, and receive Holy Communion when possible. I will have Father O'Hare say some masses for you. God watch over you. Good-bye.

JAMES

Thanks, dad. Good-bye.

HARRY

(Standing in doorway, center, where he has been waiting for James. William also is there.) The storm is over. Hurry up, Jim. We'll miss that train. (Auto horn is heard.) There's the car now.

JAMES

Good-bye, all.

ALL

Good-bye. (Boys go out C. R.)

THY WILL BE DONE

CECILIA

(Near doorway.) It'll be mighty lonesome with the big boys gone. (Door bell rings. Father sits R. of table R. C.)

MRS. O'ROURKE

You still have your father, William, and myself; and, moreover, there's Percival. I 'phoned him to come to see James off but he wasn't in when I called. (Mother sits on couch L. C.)

MR. O'ROURKE

Mother, the last few hours have brought great changes in the family. It was just yesterday that I wandered back to the old mill where we used to dream of the future years. The little creek in which we waded many a time is still there, Mary. But many are the changes there since you and I were young. (Cecilia comes down R. C.)

BRIDGET

(Enters C. R., followed by Mr. Lansdowne)—
Mrs. O'Rourke, I brought Mr. Lansdowne right in.

MRS. O'ROURKE

Very well, Bridget. (Mr. and Mrs. rise. Bridget goes out C. L.)

PERCIVAL

Good evening, all. (Comes down C.)

ALL

Good evening.

PERCIVAL

(To Mrs. O'Rourke) I'm sorry I couldn't be here sooner. Has James left? (All sit. Mr. R. of table, Mrs. L., Cecilia and Percival on couch L. C.)

THY WILL BE DONE

MRS. O'ROURKE

Yes. Just a few moments before you came.

PERCIVAL

Isn't that provoking? (Noticing that Mrs. and Cecilia have been weeping.) My dear friends, you must not weep. James will be of extraordinary service to this glorious country. Oh, how I wish that I could go over there, but alas (placing hand over his heart) this weak heart keeps me here. Our English chaps have their backs well nigh to the wall.

CECILIA

The last account I read, stated they had their backs to the Germans.

PERCIVAL

That's stating it a little more accurately.

MRS. O'ROURKE

Percival, it's hard to see the family thinning out. I suppose you'll be soon taking Cecilia from us? (Percival rises; goes to C.)

PERCIVAL

I would like to settle that important question this evening. I have found Cecilia the kind of a woman that would make an exemplary wife. I ask your approval of our marriage, also Mr. O'Rourke's. (Mrs. rises.)

MRS. O'ROURKE

My dear son in law! (Shakes hands with and congratulates him.)

MR. O'ROURKE

There're no objections on my part. But do not be precipitous in this matter. Remember the contract is indissoluble.

THY WILL BE DONE

MRS. O'ROURKE

John, why do you humiliate me so? You'll leave Percival under the impression that you have made an unhappy choice and have no means of escape.

PERCIVAL

(After short pause.) I assure you, Mrs. O'Rourke, my thoughts were not running in that direction. (He goes to Cecilia, and placing handkerchief on floor very carefully, kneels on it, and makes a formal proposal.) Come, Cecilia, don't weep over the loss of your brother. I'll try to fill the vacant chair. Oh! idol of my heart, I have your parents' consent to our marriage, may I not have yours?

CECILIA

(Hesitatively) Mother wishes me to be your wife. She always has insisted. For her sake, my answer shall be—ye—ye—yes.

PERCIVAL

By Jove! Isn't that jolly good news! Wipe away those tears. (Rises; puts handkerchief in sleeve, allowing small part of it to remain visible. Cecilia rises.)

MRS. O'ROURKE

(Going to both.) This is the happiest moment in my life. I congratulate you both. (Mr. O'Rourke rises.)

PERCIVAL

Thanks. (Cecilia is absorbed in thought. She has not heard her mother speak. Lansdowne goes to Mr. O'Rourke.) Mr. O'Rourke, I know you wish your daughter to be happy. I'm sure you'll agree to

THY WILL BE DONE

furnish her with a large dowry, say about two hundred thousand dollars.

MRS. O'ROURKE

Now, John, be generous.

MR. O'ROURKE

I'll do anything in my power to make you both happy. I agree to present you on your wedding day with a check for one hundred fifty thousand dollars and a home completely furnished. (Shakes hands with Mr. O'Rourke.)

PERCIVAL

Thanks! Thanks! What a sensible father. It's a pleasure, Mr. O'Rourke, to see such generous souls in these days when money seems to be the chief object sought for. That sum will surely make Cecilia happy. (Looks at wrist watch.) And now 'tis late. I will say adieu until we meet again. (Goes to D. C. Cecilia goes up with him.) Farewell, sweet one.

CECILIA

Good night. (Percival goes out C. R. Aside.) I have accepted a cross too heavy for my weak shoulders. God help me. (She weeps softly. To mother) Good night, mother.

MRS. O'ROURKE

You seem to be downhearted. This is the happiest moment in your life. Cheer up and a fond good-night to you.

CECILIA

I will try to be happy. (To father in a very sad tone of voice.) Dear dad, good night.

THY WILL BE DONE

MR. O'ROURKE

Good night, my child. (Cecilia weeping bitterly, goes out C. L. Her sobs attract the father's attention. He looks toward D. C. and realizes for the first time that the choice of his child is not of her own making. The mother divines her husband's thoughts. She keeps her eyes fixed toward center door; at the same time she is nervously arranging the pillows on couch. The father has gone to center door and anxiously glances toward the child as she makes her way down the corridor, then glances at mother, then again after child. These positions are held until curtain.)

(Curtain—Slow)



STAGE SETTING—ACT III.

Thy Will Be Done

ACT III

ACT III

SCENE

WILLIAM'S BEDROOM IN TENEMENT

(Mother keeps room ready for William, in hope that he will return home some day.) Neat but very poor furnishings; three-quarter bed up R., with chair at R.; small dresser against wall, L., on which there are a few books; pictures on wall, among which William's has a prominent place; very small table, extreme R., on which there is a lamp; small rocking-chair, R. of table.

A picture sheet to be lowered for the moving pictures.

Snow effect for exterior backing to be seen through window, R.

D. L. 1.

LIGHTS

House out; red footlights and borders on.

Thy Will Be Done

ACT III

AT RISE: Mrs. O'Rourke is discovered, sitting in the rocker, with small copy of New Testament lying in her lap. She is asleep. Back of scenes, "Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?" is being sung. As soon as singing is finished, Bridget enters L.

BRIDGET

(Calling softly and benignly) Mrs. O'Rourke? (Mrs. does not answer. Bridget goes over to her and finds her asleep.) The poor dear soul has had plenty of trouble during the last fifteen years. (She passes her hand gently over Mrs. O'Rourke's gray locks.) And her once beautiful golden hair has been turned to gray through worry. I should wake her for it is time for her to retire. Still she sleeps so little of late, sure I'll not disturb her but let her have what rest she can get. (She turns out light and goes out L. As soon as Bridget turns out lamp, the footlights and borders are switched off simultaneously. Picture drop is lowered for showing moving pictures, depicting Mrs. O'Rourke's dream. When the film has been shown, Bridget enters and lights lamp. Mrs. O'Rourke awakes.)

MRS. O'ROURKE

(Affrighted by dream) William! William!

BRIDGET

(Trying to soothe and quiet her.) It's Bridget, Mrs. O'Rourke. Dear, do not be alarmed.

THY WILL BE DONE

MRS. O'ROURKE

What a relief to see you at my side.

BRIDGET

There! there! (tapping her slightly on shoulder) I didn't mean to disturb you. It's almost midnight, Mrs. O'Rourke. You ought to be abed. You might catch cold, sitting here.

MRS. O'ROURKE

I can find no rest for my weary soul. I was just dreaming of William. (Goes over to William's picture on wall. Bridget accompanies Mrs. O'Rourke, supporting her by the arm.) "Where is my wandering boy tonight, the boy of my tenderest care, the boy that was once my joy and light; the child of my love and prayer? Once he was pure as morning dew, as he knelt at his mother's knee. No face so bright; no heart more true, and none as sweet as he." Is it possible that he has so debased himself, as revealed in this awful dream?

BRIDGET

Tut! Tut! Don't be thinking of anything like that. You were only dreaming. Father Daugherty told us that it is a very bad sin to believe in dreams. (Mrs. O'Rourke returns to rocker, sits; Bridget stands back of table.)

MRS. O'ROURKE

I can't help thinking of that dream. I'll never have peace in this world. I saw William in his baby carriage. I was wheeling him along the old familiar way. There was a flash of joy in my soul as I saw his smiling face. Next I was taking him for the first time to school. Why did I ever take him from the

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good Sisters and saintly pastor? I saw him make his first Communion and confirmed. How real it all seemed. That'll be fifteen years to-morrow, for it was Christmas morning when he received for the first time his Lord and God. How happy he was that morning! Toys didn't interest him much. He had received his God and wished for no greater present. Then I beheld him at High School, intensely interested in all the games. The last scene I thought would break my heart. He takes out a bank book from his employer's desk and forges a check. (She begins to weep.) Has my charming child been guilty of such a heinous crime?

BRIDGET

Never mind about that. (Smiling.) You were only dreaming.

MRS. O'ROURKE

I must think of it. It seems that God is speaking to me.

BRIDGET

My dear, come to your room. You know we must be up early tomorrow morning. Mass is at five. We can pray fervently for William and all of the family during the Holy Sacrifice.

MRS. O'ROURKE

What a sad Christmas eve. (Sleighing party passes by, singing "Jingle Bells".) Bridget, ah! if my heart were only as light and gay as theirs.

BRIDGET

As long as we keep God for our friend, we cannot be sad.

THY WILL BE DONE

MRS. O'ROURKE

Poor James! How I miss him.

BRIDGET

But his achievements on the battlefield before meeting death should lighten your sorrow.

MRS. O'ROURKE

Poor John! The death of his Benjamin was too hard a blow to his loving heart. He, too, gone.

BRIDGET

Yes, my dear, but those noble souls have gone just a little before, but not from us. God grant them eternal rest.

MRS. O'ROURKE

Harry and William, where are they tonight? Cecilia's life made miserable by that worthless husband. Will God ever forgive me for my mistakes and pride?

BRIDGET

The Babe of Bethlehem will always give rest to those that gather under His protecting wings. "Come to me, all you that labour, and are heavily burdened, and I will refresh you" are His comforting words.

MRS. O'ROURKE

You're right, dear child. What would I do without you, Bridget?

BRIDGET

Come. Get some rest, dear, before morning Mass.

MRS. O'ROURKE

(She opens the copy of the New Testament which is lying on her lap.) Bridget, there's the copy

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of the New Testament, that Father O'Hare gave William on his first Communion day. Even his book-mark is here; a verse is underlined—"*And every one that hath left house or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands for my name's sake, shall receive a hundred fold, and shall possess life everlasting.*" May the merciful God forgive me for not allowing him to leave all for his Master's sake. (Door bell rings.) Who can that be at this hour? 'Tis almost twelve o'clock.

BRIDGET

Don't be alarmed. I'll answer the bell. (Bridget goes to the door. A knock is heard before she reaches it. She opens door.) It's Patrick. (Patrick hands her a telegram.) It's a telegram, Mrs. O'Rourke. (Patrick goes out. Bridget comes down to Mrs. O'Rourke.)

MRS. O'ROURKE

I'm sure it's some bitter news.

BRIDGET

I'll bet it's some word from the boys wishing you a Merry Christmas. (She hands Mrs. O'Rourke the telegram. Mrs. looks for her spectacles but cannot find them.)

MRS. O'ROURKE

Bridget, you always look at the bright side of persons and things. You open the envelope and read the telegram. I've left my glasses in the other room. (Bridget quickly opens the envelope, reads the contents to herself. Copy of the telegram is thrown on back wall.

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Federal Prison.
Leavenworth, Kan.

Mrs. John O'Rourke,
708 Pine St.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Come at once, son William dying.
James Sheridan, Warden.)

BRIDGET

(She stands amazed at the news; tears begin to flow. She tries to read.) There—there—must be something wrong with the light. I can't read it.

MRS. O'ROURKE

Come, Bridget, let me have the truth. I'm prepared for some appalling news.

BRIDGET

(Hesitatively) It's news about William, but—but—

MRS. O'ROURKE

My poor child's dead.

BRIDGET

No, not dead, but—but—

MRS. O'ROURKE

Dying?

BRIDGET

So the message reads.

MRS. O'ROURKE

I knew my dream was a harbinger of sadness for me.

BRIDGET

Yes, dear, but had you not believed in it, God perhaps would not have allowed it to be so.

THY WILL BE DONE

MRS. O'ROURKE

(Weeping bitterly.) Where is my child? Can we reach his bedside before God takes him away? (Bridget with her handkerchief wipes away her tears, and reads again the telegram to make sure that she has read same correctly.)

BRIDGET

The telegram was sent from Leavenworth, Kansas.

MRS. O'ROURKE

This is the heaviest blow of all. How can I stand it? My William so young, dying among strangers, with none to console him, perhaps without a priest to prepare him for his journey into the next world.

BRIDGET

Mrs. O'Rourke, wherever William is, he'll have plenty of friends. To send for a priest would be the foremost thought in his mind.

MRS. O'ROURKE

Send word to Cecilia. Have her husband make the arrangements for the trip, provided he's sober; otherwise, dear child, you'll have to look after the matter.

BRIDGET

I'll attend to everything. Don't trouble your mind further but come and get a good rest.

MRS. O'ROURKE

And such is the punishment for my sins. God has humbled His proud servant. If William had become a priest, he, no doubt, would have lived long after his broken-hearted mother. A young life

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snatched away. Bridget, what an abominable thing it is to interfere with the designs of divine Providence! If my boy is dead, may his soul rest in peace. When a child at school, I learned that "blessed are they that suffer persecution for justice' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." William has suffered for justice' sake. I hope he is at peace.

BRIDGET

It's almost midnight. You must come to your room and get a good rest before starting on that long journey.

MRS. O'ROURKE

I'll never have rest until I rest soon, if it be God's will, with my boy in heaven.

BRIDGET

But come. (Mrs. O'Rourke rises; both walk slowly toward door.) Where there's life, there's always hope. Wouldn't it be grand if we could hear the angels sing again as they sang the first Christmas night at the Saviour's birth? (Clock in Cathedral tower strikes twelve; the chimes play *Adeste Fideles*; trumpeter begins to play introduction to "Glory to God," hymn 29, *Coronal Hymnal*, published by D. & J. Sadlier & Co., New York. After introduction, angels begin to sing the hymn. Bridget and Mrs. O'Rourke stop a few feet before door. Bridget, somewhat bewildered, speaks.) Mrs. O'Rourke, I seem to hear enchanting music. What can it be?

MRS. O'ROURKE

I can hear nothing, child. (Immediately vision of Saviour's birth is revealed to Bridget alone, due to

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her sanctity. The back wall is scrim so that vision can be seen through it. The manger; the infant in crib at the head of which are an ox and ass; on the right, the Virgin, on the left, St. Joseph; the shepherds and some of their flock near the cave's entrance; the Magi at the foot of crib; angels in and on the cave—go to make up the scene. Particular attention must be paid to the light effects. The star is to be seen above the cave.)

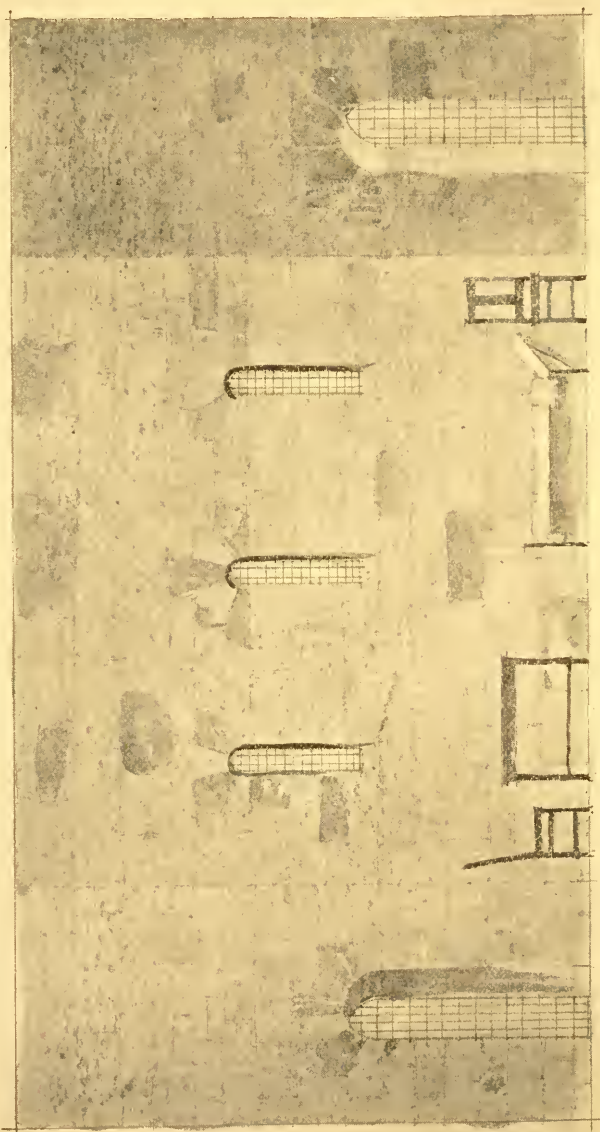
BRIDGET

(As soon as scene is unfolded before her.)
Look! Mrs. O'Rourke. Look! (She cannot speak further, so enrapt is she with the heavenly vision. She kneels.)

MRS. O'ROURKE

I can see nothing. (The angels continue singing "Glory to God," while the curtain is lowered.)

(Curtain—Very slow)



STAGE SETTING--ACT IV.

Thy Will Be Done

ACT IV

ACT IV

SCENE

PRISON HOSPITAL WARD

Doors, R. 1, L. 3; two small windows R. C. and L. C.; bars on windows and doors; hospital cot, R. C.; chair R. of cot; small medicine table, L. of cot; table L. C. on which are tap-bell, blotting paper, pen, and ink. Death certificate pad in drawer.

LIGHTS

House out; blue footlights and borders on full; white footlights and borders dimmed.

Thy Will Be Done

ACT IV

AT RISE: William is lying on cot. Warden sitting R. of cot.

WARDEN

How's my sick boy this morning? Much improved, I hope.

WILLIAM

In very poor shape, doctor. Warden, would you be kind enough to do me a favor?

WARDEN

I'll do anything in my power to ease your unhappy lot.

WILLIAM

Would you be kind enough to read over these papers and letters? I'm too weak to do so. (Hands him a small package of them.) See if there might be anything among them that would interest mother. If so, give them to her when she arrives, for I'm afraid I'll be in the far brighter home when she reaches here. The rest you may destroy.

WARDEN

I'll do that at once. (He glances over two or three letters, each one of which he tears up. He comes to a fourth, reads it to himself; re-reads it with an expression of the utmost surprise; rises, showing still more astonishment, reads it again. Aside.) This letter will interest both his mother and myself. (Nurse enters R 1.)

NURSE

[The nurse is a young man, who while at college and the university belonged to that small group

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of weak-willed, spineless, idle, impotent Philistines whose only ambition was to glean just enough knowledge to pass their examinations. It was not long after he began the practice of medicine that he realized his lack of knowledge and competency. A failure among his fellow physicians, who had discovered from the very beginning of their course the meaning of work, its fruitfulness and its joys, the young doctor was obliged to resort to charlatan devices in order to eke out a living. He soon found himself in the firm clutches of the law. In his present solitude, he has plenty of time to meditate upon the utter futility of running counter to the human and divine laws. His position as nurse is self-explanatory.]

Warden, you are wanted in the office. (Warden rises; nurse takes his place at R. of cot.)

WARDEN

(To William) I'll look over these letters in the office, William, and follow out your instructions. (William thanks him. Harry enters R 1 in convict's suit. He is carrying a mop and a pail, which he accidentally drops while attempting to place a chair in proper place, thereby making a considerable amount of noise. Warden to Harry.) Say, what you think this is? A rolling mill? A young boy is very sick here. Do you wish to kill him outright?

HARRY

Pardon me, sir. This is my first day here and—

WARDEN

If I remember correctly the length of your sentence, it's not the last by any means.

THY WILL BE DONE

HARRY

You see, sir, this work is new to me. I never was obliged—

WARDEN

Enough of that. Get busy. You fellows make me weary with your yarns. If you had things so well at home, etc., why did you prefer to come to this free boarding house? (Harry cleans about.)

HARRY

(Aside.) Drink, gambling, a desire to be rich—the bane of my happiness and the source of my sorrow. (Harry goes out door, L. 3, after he has cleaned up place. William begins a bad coughing spell.)

NURSE

(To Warden.) You had better send for Father O'Hare. He asked to be called in case the boy grew worse.

WARDEN

I'll do that at once. (Warden goes out L. 3. William tries to rise but nurse gently constrains him.)

NURSE

Be quiet, William. (Immediately song, "Dreaming of Home and Mother", is sung behind scenes. During the singing a tableau is presented, in which the interior of the reception room of O'Rourke mansion is seen. The mother is seated at the piano, playing. James, as a small boy, is playing with toy soldiers; Harry has one of his father's old ledgers and is scribbling in same; Cecilia is inter-

THY WILL BE DONE

ested in a doll dressed in nun's garb; Mr. O'Rourke is teaching William how to say the Rosary. Tableau is shown just long enough to permit audience to grasp significance of scene. After song is sung, William returns to consciousness.)

WILLIAM

Oh! Is that you, doctor? I feel so dizzy. Doctor, I was just dreaming of home and mother. How sweet to dream of the days when the world with all its wickedness was not so real. I saw James, my oldest brother playing with toy soldiers. Poor boy was killed in the battle of the Marne. Harry was scribbling in one of dad's discarded ledgers. He always wished to be a business man like his dad. Cecilia, my only sister, was playing with her doll, dressed in the garb of a nun. She always wanted to be a Sister. Dad was teaching me how to say the Rosary. It's many a year since last I saw their sweet faces, faces which I shall never look upon again. Doctor, do you know whether Father O'Hare is in the building?

NURSE

Yes, William. He's visiting some of the other patients. A noble type of gentleman, he. Thought you were lonesome, so I sent for him.

WILLIAM

Thanks. (His mind begins to wander.) Are you there, doctor?

NURSE

The poor lad's mind is wandering. (Father O'Hare enters R. 1, goes to William's bedside, L.)

THY WILL BE DONE

FATHER O'HARE

Has the boy showed any sign of improvement, doctor?

NURSE

I fear the end is very near. There's nothing from a natural standpoint that can save him.

FATHER O'HARE

We shall leave all in the hands of God.

NURSE

He's the only one that can help him now. You'll remain with the boy awhile?

FATHER O'HARE

Yes, doctor.

NURSE

Very well, then I shall visit the patients in next ward. I'll be back soon. (Nurse rises; goes out R. 1; Father O'Hare takes nurse's place at R. of cot. William regains consciousness.)

WILLIAM

(Recognizes Father O'Hare.) I'm glad you're here, Father, for I'll soon be at my journey's end.

FATHER O'HARE

Your siege has been a long one, but the crown will be all the brighter.

WILLIAM

I'm sorry that you had to come so long a distance and at a season of the year when you're so busy. But, Father, you'll never know how I appreciate your coming here to help me straighten out my account before appearing before my just Judge.

THY WILL BE DONE

FATHER O'HARE

William, when an immortal soul in distress cries for help, distance, time, difficulties—all these melt away as wax before the fire.

WILLIAM

How merciful God is. You don't know how happy I am after receiving the last Sacraments this morning, especially Holy Viaticum. May God guard my soul into eternity. My poor mother, father, brothers, and sister, what must they think of my conduct?

FATHER O'HARE

Don't worry over bygones. You must conserve your strength.

WILLIAM

Father, do you remember the day I received these two precious articles? (Hands Father prayer book and Rosary beads.)

FATHER O'HARE

I do not, William.

WILLIAM

You remember, I'm sure, my fourteenth birthday, when the school children gave me the pleasant surprise? You were there for part of the program.

FATHER O'HARE

I recall the day very well.

WILLIAM

How happy I'd be if their wishes and mine had been carried out. I would now be a priest like yourself. Father, please give the prayer book to dad, and the Rosary to mother.

THY WILL BE DONE

FATHER O'HARE

(Aside.) Poor boy. His dad has gone before him. (To William) I'll attend to that. You must now have a good rest.

WILLIAM

In a short time, I hope I shall be at rest. When I see my God face to face, as I hope I shall, I'll not forget you, who have always been so kind to me. Father, would you kindly remember me occasionally in your masses? My term in purgatory will be very long for my sins have been many.

FATHER O'HARE

I have never forgotten you in life, dear child, and I will still remember you in death.

WILLIAM

Thanks, Father. (Prison physician enters, accompanied by warden. Harry follows them. All enter door, L. 3.) Ask mother and father to forgive me. (Doctor and warden come to L. of bed; Harry busies himself about ward.)

FATHER O'HARE

Here's Doctor Groff. He'll help you. (Greetings between warden, doctor and Father O'Hare.)

PRISON PHYSICIAN

Father, how is my patient this morning?

FATHER O'HARE

Not so well.

PRISON PHYSICIAN

(Examines patient.) Father, the boy's dying. His earthly pilgrimage is at its close.

THY WILL BE DONE

FATHER O'HARE

(Kneels; doctor and warden also kneel, L. of cot, doctor keeps fingers on pulse of patient; Harry kneels where he happens to be at the time.) "Depart, O Christian soul, out of this sinful world, in the name of God, the Father Almighty, who created thee; in the name of Jesus Christ, who suffered and died for thee; in the name of the Holy Ghost, who sanctified thee; in the name of the glorious and blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God; in the name of the Angels, Archangels, Thrones, Dominations, Cherubim and Seraphim; in the name of the Patriarchs and Prophets, of the Holy Apostles and Evangelists, of the Holy Martyrs and Confessors, of the Holy Monks and Hermits, of the Holy Virgins and of all the saints of God; let peace come to thee this day, and let thy abode be in holy Sion; through Christ, our Lord. Amen." (During this part, Perosi's "Passing of the Soul" is rendered.)

PRISON PHYSICIAN

The boy's dead, Father. (Slide is thrown on exterior wall, representing the transport of a soul to heaven. All rise.)

FATHER O'HARE

May his soul and all the souls of the faithful, through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen.

PRISON PHYSICIAN

(Goes to table; sits down; opens drawer, takes out death certificate pad. To warden.) What's the boy's full name, warden? (Warden goes over to table L. C.)

THY WILL BE DONE

WARDEN

I'll have to consult the record in the office. (To Father O'Hare.) Perhaps, Father, you can give the doctor the information he desires. (Father goes over to table, L. C.)

PRISON PHYSICIAN

Father, do you know the boy's full name and address?

FATHER O'HARE

Yes, doctor. William Raymond O'Rourke. (Harry who has started cleaning about has his curiosity awakened by the mention of his brother's name.) His address is 708 Pine St., Pittsburgh, Pa. (Harry starts slowly to bedside to get glance at lad to ascertain if it is his brother.)

HARRY

(Seeing face of brother.) My God! It's my brother. (Kneels down; begins to weep.) God help us. My sweet brother, have you been here, too? Had I only known it. (Father goes over to Harry.)

FATHER O'HARE

(Having recognized Harry.) Don't you know your old pastor any more, Harry?

HARRY

(Rising.) Father O'Hare! Isn't this terrible? Poor William dead in this place and I in stripes.

FATHER O'HARE

Your mother and sister will be here soon. We must not allow them to see you in this garb. (To warden.) Mr. Sheridan, may you grant this boy

THY WILL BE DONE

permission to put on civilian's clothes. This is the dead boy's brother. It will be a terrible shock for the mother to find one son, dead, and the other, in stripes.

WARDEN

Against the rules, Father. (Hesitates.) But a case of this kind knows no law. (To Harry) Come, boy, there's no time to lose. (Guard enters, L. 3. Father O'Hare goes to table L. C.)

GUARD

Several persons wish to see William O'Rourke.

WARDEN

(To guard.) Permission granted. (Warden and Harry go out R.; guard, L. 3.)

PRISON PHYSICIAN

(While warden has been speaking to the guard, Father O'Hare and doctor have quietly finished report. Doctor blots certificate, then rises.) The boy was very patient during his long illness. (Doctor and Father O'Hare come C.)

FATHER O'HARE

That child was a noble soul. His life has been spoiled by an imprudent mother.

PRISON PHYSICIAN

It's a sad, very sad case. Father, I may not see you again before your departure. I'm delighted to have met you. (Shakes hands with Father O'Hare.)

FATHER O'HARE

I thank you and I assure you that mine also has been a great pleasure in making your acquaintance.

THY WILL BE DONE

If you are ever in the Smoky City, please call to see me. (Exchange cards.)

PRISON PHYSICIAN

Thanks, I certainly shall. (Doctor goes out R. 1. Mrs. O'Rourke, Bridget, Mr. and Mrs. Lansdowne, preceded by guard enter, L. 3.)

MRS. O'ROURKE

(Greatly surprised.) Father O'Hare? God bless you. Where is my sick boy? Is he in this desolate place?

FATHER O'HARE

Yes, Mrs. O'Rourke (leading her to bedside; others follow.) but your child passed away just a few moments ago. (When Mrs. O'Rourke reaches bed, she draws down sheet from boy's face, looks upon her dead child; weeping, she kneels down at bedside. Others also kneel. Warden, Harry, and two guards enter R. 1. Harry goes to position back of mother; warden near foot of bed; guards near Lansdowne.)

MRS. O'ROURKE

William! William! Is this the last remnant of my once beautiful child? Here you lie, the victim of your mother's mistakes. (All rise. To Father O'Hare) My heart is breaking. John dead; James asleep somewhere in France. Harry, where is he tonight?

HARRY

At your side, mother.

MRS. O'ROURKE

Where have you been these long years? Why did you forsake your mother?

THY WILL BE DONE

HARRY

I didn't forget you. I'll explain all later. (The other members of family greet Harry in a manner in keeping with the seriousness of the occasion. To mother) Mother, this is Mr. Sheridan, the warden, who has been so kind to William during his long illness. (Mrs. O'Rourke bows to warden.)

WARDEN

My deepest sympathy.

MRS. O'ROURKE

Thanks. (She again takes a glance at her dead boy.) William, my once gentle boy. (She again begins to weep.)

FATHER O'HARE

Mrs. O'Rourke, you must not weep. God has taken your boy. Let us bow before the divine Will. William, just before dying requested me to give you this prayer book (hands her the prayer book); the Rosary (gives her the Rosary) he asked me to give to your husband, not knowing that his father had gone before him. The last words he uttered were—"Ask father and mother to forgive me."

MRS. O'ROURKE

Asked my forgiveness? It is I who should have asked his. "Pride ruled my heart." That's the cause of my boy's premature death. (She opens prayer book and reads from front page.)

To William Raymond O'Rourke
From his classmates
On his fourteenth birthday.
With best wishes for your
Future success in the priesthood.

THY WILL BE DONE

Yes, instead of this future success, there is nothing but dismal failure—all brought about by his proud mother. Oh! Father, it's so hard to think that William died in this horrible place. My poor boy! Who would have ever thought that he would become so debased as to commit such a crime?

WARDEN

(All spoken in state of great tension.)

Thanks be to God, Mrs. O'Rourke, your boy is innocent. (Lansdowne shows signs of anxiety.) He has suffered unjustly during those long years. Just this morning he asked me to run through his letters and keep what I thought might interest you. This I did. Here they are save one. (Hands package to Mrs. O'Rourke.) This one will interest both you and me. Listen!

DEAR WILLIAM :—

You cannot realize what a source of relief your letter was to me. (Lansdowne shows signs of great nervousness.) I was very happy to learn that you have decided to continue to bear your unjust imprisonment as an act of penance for your past sins. Were you to reveal the truth and have me, the perpetrator of the crime, apprehended and put in prison, the shock would kill both your sister and mother. That trip and spree were surely a calamity for me. With love and thanks for generosity in my behalf.

Your very sincere brother in law,

PERCIVAL LANSDOWNE.

(As soon as Percival's name is mentioned, Cecilia faints, falling into Bridget's arms.) Mrs. O'Rourke,

THY WILL BE DONE

there stands the cowardly culprit, the author of the crime for which your boy has suffered so bravely and died. (Warden to guards) Guards, arrest the criminal. (Guards place handcuffs about his wrists and begin to lead him off stage slowly R. Mrs. O'Rourke kneels down.)

LANSDOWNE

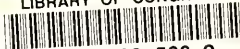
All is vanity and vexation of spirit save the fear and love of God. (To Harry) Be good to Cecilia. God forgive me, the wretch that has broken her heart.

MRS. O'ROURKE

Oh! my God Thou hast given me another cross to bear. I accept it willingly for my many sins. Grant my boy eternal rest; me, his repentant mother, forgiveness. From henceforth not MY will but THINE be done. (Stream of purple light is flashed down from above upon Mrs. O'Rourke. As curtain is lowered slowly, "Lead, Kindly Light," is sung softly.)

[AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM]

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